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MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1918.

This Woman Is Discouraged

That's Bad. The Devil's Best Assistant Is the Imp
Who Says "What's the Use?"

One of our many woman readers has written us a letter in which she says we "will hardly be interested." She is quite mistaken. We are MUCH interested. Others will be interested, too, so we print the letter.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

I have just finished reading your article on "Woman," in today's edition of The Times. It lies before me now as I write. You will hardly be interested in what one woman thinks about this editorial, but I am sure that my feelings in the matter are exactly what thousands of other women workers are thinking, though they do not give expression to their thoughts and feelings in the matter.

I agree heartily with your assertion that it is a crime that any good mother, or potential mother, should be spoiled in the making of a good clerk or money earner. But what else can one do if you are not financially independent? It is my observation that the men who are marrying today are not those who are doing it to make homes for women, but to get homes. I am not censuring them; perhaps the economic situation has forced such a condition upon us. One man apparently in a good position, with a happy home and a model wife, tells me that a man is a fool to marry in the present times, with prices where they are.

Soon our soldiers will be returning, wanting and needing work. Will the women who are now in the positions the men gave up to go and fight for us be willing to hand back these positions? My opinion is they will not, since we

are compelled to make our own livings. I, for one, am willing to "abdicate" in favor of any returning fighter, but the question arises, What am I to do?

Still young in years, I have spent nine of them at work. I have been told that I am a good business woman, that I shall never be out of work, because I try to do the square thing by my employers, that I learn the details, and ins and outs of business quickly, etc., but God only knows how tired I am of such commendation. I am tired of "public" work. I hate the crowded cars going to and from work, the tired faces of women workers, the noise and hubbub of the street. On the other hand, I do love home, to keep house and cook and care for children.

Now, I would not trouble you with this only that my own case seems to me typical of thousands of others. I realize that I am consuming a great deal of your valuable time, but I feel sure that you realize your article struck deep and was bound to bring forth some response, and with your larger outlook on life and conditions and your far-reaching influence you might bring about a readjustment of affairs, or at least point the way to one of the women you described in today's paper.

A WOMAN WORKER.

Let us see if the universe is as gloomy as our discontented and discouraged correspondent pictures it.

DISCONTENT does no harm. It leads us to better things. DISCOURAGEMENT is what kills ambition and wrecks futures.

The devil wins more souls by discouragement than in any other way. It is his best weapon. When all sorts of temptations fail if he can only get the imp called "What's-the-use" well established in a man's or a woman's brain he is sure of satisfactory results.

The best way to overcome discouragement is to shut our eyes to our ills and open them only to our blessings.

Let's see what you have to be thankful for. You evidently have GOOD HEALTH. That's worth all the money and ease and comfort in the world. Be thankful for your health.

You have ABILITY. Your employers have recognized it and commended it. That is worth while, isn't it?

You say you are tired of "such commendation." Suppose that, despite your ability and your efforts, your employer never recognized either? Would that be more satisfying than present experience? So you see you should be grateful for the appreciation of your work, for that means you have OPPORTUNITY.

Now let's add up. You have HEALTH, ABILITY, and OPPORTUNITY. You don't realize it, but you are rich in three things that no wealth can purchase.

You say you "love home, to keep house and cook and care for children." Splendid. You ought to get married and have the home and the children.

But a discouraged woman doesn't attract men's love. Most men are able to get discouraged without any assistance from their sweethearts or wives. They are usually looking for ENCOURAGEMENT.

There are a good many families with only one backbone, and that the wife's.

You think the sun isn't shining. You are mistaken. You've got your back to it. That's the trouble. TURN AROUND. It won't change the sunlight, but it will change YOU.

Say to Discouragement: "Get behind me, Satan," and see that he "gets." There's no better way to give the devil his due than to "do" the devil.

If you can't do anything better today seek out some one who you know is REALLY in trouble and help them. That will help YOU.

Anyhow, kill discouragement, establish the mastery of your own soul, and happiness, plenty and to spare, will be the sure result.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am inclined to think that the slogan, "Make it pleasant for the soldier boys" must have a good deal to answer for. And these same boys, it would seem, from letters from all parts of the country, have not been altogether willing victims of the kissing epidemic.

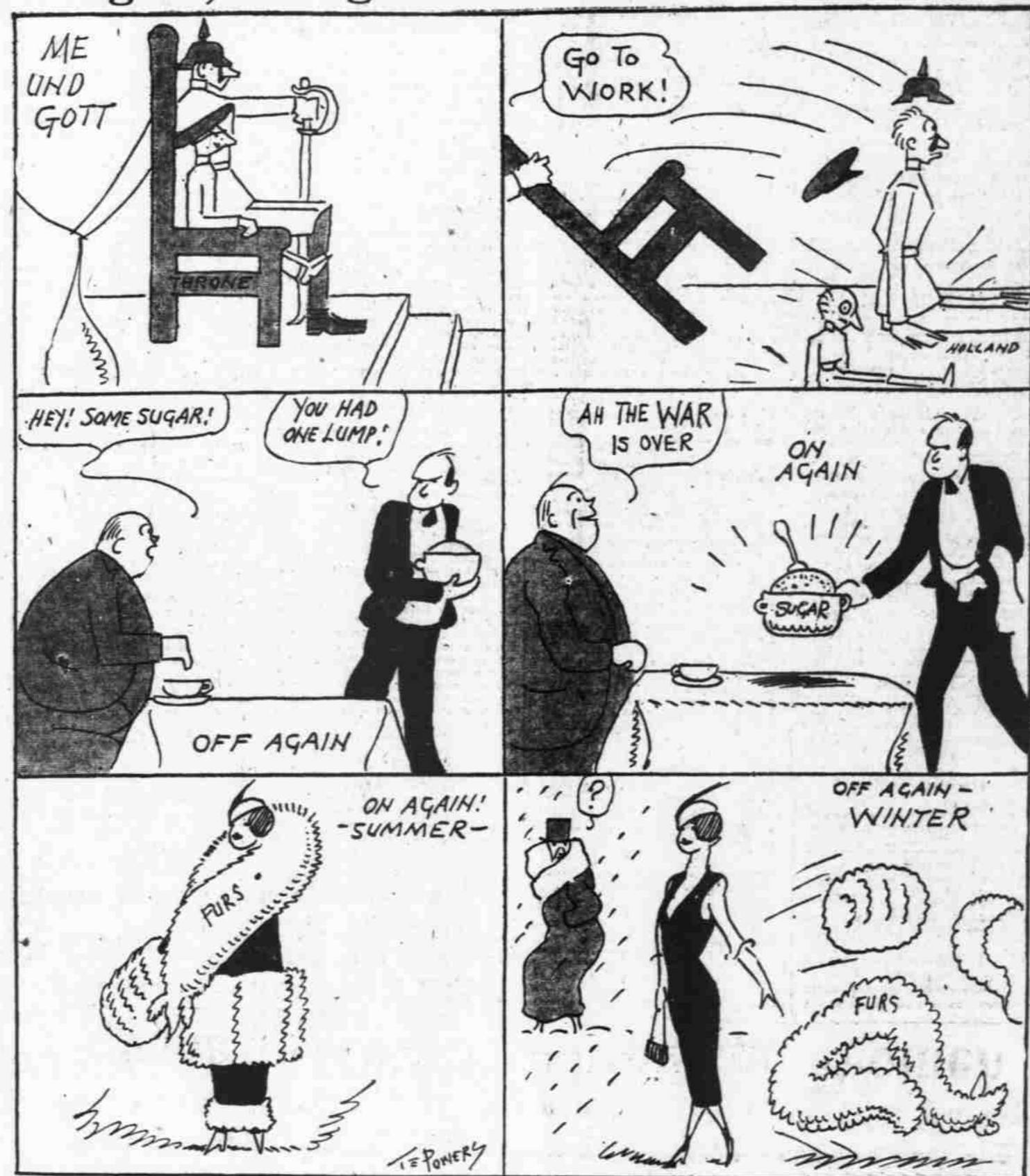
One of them—of course he had been a cow-boy—wrote me: "You'd think my uniform was a christening robe the way they went for me, and I'm a regular mutt for looks, too. Now I ain't got anything against kissing—but I do want to be the kisser sometimes, not the kissee always. I hear the Japanese don't kiss anyone, and after the war it's good old Japan for mine."

Reflections of a Thirty-Eight-Year Old Bachelor.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

The Biblical episode of the Garden of Eden lives today as truly as when the forbidden apple was eaten. And girls from thirteen to seventeen, if they would only listen to their mother's advice and accept her better judgment, would be bet-

On Again, Off Again!



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

A MAN has written a highly amusing letter in regard to the discussion on "Promiscuous Kissing" that has been going on in this column for the past fortnight. As his comments are marked by a certain cynical levity, I intend to put them where they will do the least harm, that is, the fire.

But before doing so, it might be well to quote a single paragraph: "I am more kissed against than kissing," he writes, and a good many other men have made the same confession in their letters.

Perhaps it's just another case of tattling great-grandfather Adam with his ignoble, "The woman tempted me" or again—perhaps it is one of those partial truths that obscure discussions. The fact remains, nevertheless, that a good many girls must permit kisses that mean nothing at all to them. And the old fable of Narcissus pursued by the nymphs, appears to have a closer bearing on modern life than merely a classic allusion, or Ethelbert Nevins' delightful composition for the piano.

I am inclined to think that the slogan, "Make it pleasant for the soldier boys" must have a good deal to answer for. And these same boys, it would seem, from letters from all parts of the country, have not been altogether willing victims of the kissing epidemic.

One of them—of course he had been a cow-boy—wrote me: "You'd think my uniform was a christening robe the way they went for me, and I'm a regular mutt for looks, too. Now I ain't got anything against kissing—but I do want to be the kisser sometimes, not the kissee always. I hear the Japanese don't kiss anyone, and after the war it's good old Japan for mine."

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ter off. All my sympathy is with the girls, however, I have none at all for married women.

When women in general awaken to a realization that man "morally" is exactly what she requires of him, and nothing more, then we will become "morally civilized." Suppose a woman's club was organized where the members required the same standards of conduct from men that men expect from women—how many marriages do you think would be performed?

The writer is past thirty-eight and never had a real girl sweetheart in his life. The reason—he always wanted too much for his money. His earning capacity has never exceeded \$30 a week and he wanted a wholesome attractive girl who could play musical instruments, love home and quiet and be happy on a moderate income. But apparently they all wanted automobiles, cabarets, midnight suppers, etc.

Last but not least papers, magazines, books and a full eight hours hard work, how can a person get loneliness?

A READER.

Cried When He Kissed Her.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a war worker and have taken much pleasure in reading your advice to girls. I am one of a family of six, and though my mother has been dead many years, my father has raised us very strictly. Often I have been asked for kisses, which I have refused, and it has caused the loss of some friends. Not so long ago a friend brought me home and insisted on kissing me goodnight, which I would not let him do. He kissed me when I did not expect it, which hurt my feelings very much and I began to cry. This is the first time anything like this has ever happened to me, and I told him I declined his friendship any longer. He apologized and has asked me to forgive him. He has brought me home twice after this and has behaved very properly. Do you think I should keep his friendship?

BLUE EYES.

As your friend seems to have reformed, as far as kissing goes, perhaps it would be well to "accept his friendship" on probation.

Correspondents and Kissings.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

After all, are there more masculine "B. L.'s" than feminine? And aren't the girls equally responsible for that much-discussed "promiscuous kiss"? Anne says: "I have been around a great deal and find almost every man will try the kissing game, but if a girl is of the right sort, she will naturally refuse," etc. Anne is quite right, although she realizes there exists an-

TODAY'S TOPIC STILL HARPING ON KISSING

other type that is responsible for the "promiscuous kiss."

A Nice Girl also acknowledges a wrong sort, saying: "He is (B. L.) evidently not the kind whose company 'nice girls' would seek. He has met the wrong sort of girl or his ideals would be higher." She is quite right, too, and the case of B. L.'s sordid path may be laid at the door of the wrong sort. "Until I read her letter (Perplexed Girl's) I was beginning to believe that there were no good girls who did not wish to be kissed and made love to," says a Young Marine. He further says: "I seem to have met nothing but girls of the kissing type since I entered the service."

"He is a man who thinks differently from B. L.," writes a Sergeant in the Service, and he continues:

"I often try them just to find out what kind of creatures they are. I have always considered a kiss sacred. This sergeant doesn't live in a tent he lives in a glass house. He is paddling a canoe like 'B. L.' only in a different direction. He considers a kiss sacred and yet he toys with it, little regard has he for things sacred. 'I often try them,' he says. This selfish experiment with womanhood. O. F. F.'s letter reads: 'The girls lack dignity, they encourage the kissing game. A girl can be affectionate and charming without stooping to familiarity.' This man is right."

"As for kissing," says Henry, "I should have to care enough for a girl to become engaged to her before I would wish to kiss her and I believe a young lady should be engaged before she allows a man that privilege." Now Henry has voiced my ideas exactly. If such ideas were adopted by every girl and man a better understanding would exist between the sexes.

AN IDEALIST.

If the Fish Don't Bite, Change Bait.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Tell the "Ultramodern Woman" that if the fish don't bite, change bait; then if they don't bite, get another fishing hole. She struck the wrong kind, we are all not that way. When a girl chips in on part of the expenses her generosity, thoughtfulness and down-right goodness will always be appreciated. "The Real Guy" looks at her slightly out of the corner of his eye as a thinker: "You're a real girl—you're prettier than I thought you were."

Here is something that ought to interest a certain clique. There is a certain type of girl and they usually camp around three in a room—that's no disgrace these times. One goes out with a man,

and if she doesn't bring home some game they all feel she's had a forlorn time. They blow a fellow for all they can get, thinking he is a "boob." When one of these girls returns home after an evening with one of their young men friends they feel they must display a twelve-pound box of candy and other junk picked up by the wayside. If they fail to display these things they are chided by the other members of the clan. These same girls write to you, Miss Fairfax, and ask why the boys don't call again.

AN OBSERVANT.

This Girl Has Ideals.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been engaged to an American, aged twenty-eight years, and he has been in France for ten months. Lately I received a letter from him stating that he had married a French lady. I do not feel angry because I feel France is America's friend. I would like to know what to do with the ring he gave me for my engagement. Kindly advise me.

You are to be congratulated on the fine and unusual attitude you have taken in regard to this young man's conduct. As it would be unsafe to return the ring, owing to the uncertainty of his receiving it, I should think you might keep it until he returns to this country for demobilization.

Wishes to Complete Her Education.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have only gone to school as far as the seventh grade and then I did not pass. My mother is unable to do the housework by herself and so I have had to stay home and help. It makes me feel badly when anyone asks me, "have you been to the eighth grade or high school?" I have to say "no" to all of them. But I can make fine bread and know how to cook well, but that is not education. Could you give me any advice.

ANXIOUS.

Excuse me my dear girl, but to be able to make fine bread and know how to cook well is a very excellent form of education. I understand how you feel about having to stop school, and you ought not to have any difficulty in carrying on your studies outside. Get the books that your classmates are studying, and conscientiously do the school work at home. You can supplement this by borrowing books from the Public Library. They are more than kind about giving one necessary information. I think this inclination of yours to keep on with your work most praiseworthy. You have my best wishes.

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How Far Will a Wage Minimum Of \$3 Per Day Go?

Every Man in Congress Surely Knows the Answer.

By BILL PRICE.

The Senate subcommittee which is to begin hearings on the Keating bill for a minimum wage to Government employees in the District of Columbia of \$3 per day will quickly find very appealing and convincing facts in favor of that measure.

Prolonged hearings ought to be entirely unnecessary in view of the widespread knowledge on the part of all men that \$3 per day is a pitifully small wage in these days and in those to come.

The greatest possible good will be conferred on the beneficiaries of this measure—numbering many thousands of people in Washington—if the bill can be favorably reported and laid before the Senate and Congress in time for action before the close of this session.

If ever an increased wage will be needed it will be in the next year or so, when the scramble for food and clothing in Europe will draw heavily upon our own resources and result in maintaining high prices at which no man or woman can exist in reasonable comfort on less than a minimum wage of \$3 per day.

And when this prospective situation is applied to the man with a wife and children or to the woman worker with dependent mother, father or sister there is little more to be said. Arguments fall flat.

The head of a Government agency, the War Labor Board, has made the statement that \$34.80 per week is about the lowest income upon which a man with a family can live in reasonable comfort. His statement followed months of investigation as to wages and cost of living.

Low-paid Government workers in Washington ask a minimum wage of just a little more than half that amount. They are, indeed, optimistic as to their ability to make this meet living requirements.

The policy in Congress in past years has been one of paying wages at which people could be obtained for the work, not WHAT THEY WERE WORTH. Government wages and salaries are today what they were FORTY YEARS AGO, with the exception of the war bonuses of 10 per cent in the last two fiscal years.

In this problem of low Government wages in Washington is involved a much greater one—the readjustment of wages and cost of living throughout the country. Congress must set an example for the country in its recognition of the difficulties under which the masses of people are living and laboring. Heavy cutting of wages in the face of living costs are dreaded by all thinking men. Patriotic officials and individuals are applying themselves to questions of the best thing to do until the future is adjusted to something like normal in industrial and social spheres.

One of humanity's weaknesses is that the prosperous in wages or income fail to look with helpful purpose upon the struggle of the less fortunate. Many are disposed to blame. Whatever may be ahead of us—and it will probably be better and brighter than we now think—we should all pull together for a general betterment and content, never forgetful that the other fellow may be having troubles vitally touching himself and family.

If Congress will set the example of fair treatment of all employees of the Government the right start is made for the country to follow.

HEARD AND SEEN

A FINE BOUQUET

The very pleasing compliment below, which I am hastening to print before Godwin's return, is from a faithful Heard and Seen reader:

"Don't for a moment think you were a misfit. You saw and heard many things while you were in the same. The things you saw had been going on for many years and no one publicly made a protest. You put some good-sized crimps in the street railway management, educated the people as to their rights, and really should have the credit of street car transfers so far as dragged out of the companies."

JOHN B. MCCARTHY.

DAN JACKSON—"Rockville and vicinity have promise of a fine future if the town authorities there will spend a little money in improving the streets. The roads entering the town are all right, but the streets have been left in exceedingly bad condition. The town is too attractive to permit this kind of thing."

FRANK APPLEMAN—"I certainly would like to see something done about Rockville's streets. It is a fine little town and with up-to-date improvements, is bound to grow into a large place. People who invest money in real estate in a community generally look over the streets first."

C. M. D. BROWNE, of the Pension Bureau, has been fifty-six years in the Government service, having started in when thirteen and a half years old. He is interested in the retirement bill, believing that there should be a group composed of those who have served more than fifty years. The McKellar bill fixes the first group as those who have served thirty years or more.

Despite the tangle in the Senate over retirement legislation, it will not be long before there is a law on the subject. Right will win in the end!

SUNSHINE MARY, a news-woman who sells hundreds of copies of The Times at Fifteenth and G streets, has been thinking of asking the Commissioners to permit her to build a kiosk around the lamp post at the southwest corner. She would give 10 per cent of her gross profits for the concession, she says.

A SCHULTE permits SUNSHINE MARY to use what space she can find outside his place to lay her supplies of papers, but she says she needs something with a roof over it.

SOMETHING WORTH CUTTING OUT AND KEEPING.

(Continued from First Column.)

short—of their own, to be put before our reading family in this fashion.

Today's brief quotation is from Boileau, the learned Frenchman and giver of good advice.

"This world is full of fools, and he who would not wish to see one must not only shut himself up alone but must also break his looking glass."

NICHOLAS BOILEAU.

Read the quotation above, and read also Boileau's book, "L'Art Poétique," if you have time and like to analyze the art of writing. But DON'T BREAK YOUR LOOKING GLASS.

It is a good thing to have a looking glass around, just to remind you occasionally that you DO amount to very little, and that your only possible excuse for living is hard, honest work for others. Any man who looks intelligently at his reflection in the glass ought to be filled with a desire to justify his unimportant self with works worth while.

Something Worth Cutting Out And Keeping

You Cannot Often Say That of an Editorial Column's Contents.

We shall give you from time to time the wise words of wise men presented in a shape to be cut out of this newspaper and preserved. These quotations will be worth pasting up over your desk, or putting in your scrapbook. Perhaps our readers may wish to send in favorite quotations—very

(Continued in Last Column.)